



SATURDAY, NOV. 17TH, 1906.

RE-ENTER.

"Oh, that's all right then," and Delroy breathed a sigh of relief. "Glad to see you. And you, too, Mr. Lester." "Mr. Lester is Drysdale's cousin," explained my companion. "Between us we're going to see that he's cleared of this ridiculous charge."

"Yes, I hope you will. Sit down, won't you? Ridiculous, that's the word for it, and yet," he added, passing his hand before his eyes in a dazed way, "there are so many points of evidence which seem unexplainable that I've grown giddy thinking about them. It's such a terrible thing my wife is quite prostrated, even a little delirious at times; her sister is almost ill; we've all been terribly upset."

"No doubt," nodded Godfrey, his face curiously intent. "We're not going to trouble you much now, Mr. Delroy. The only thing I should like you to do is to give us an account of all that happened that evening. I hope you will do that."

"Yes, I'll be glad to do that." And he proceeded to tell in detail the story the reader already knows.

"There's one thing," said Godfrey when it was ended. "Is it true that Miss Croydon seemed to believe Drysdale guilty?"

"Yes," answered Delroy, "for an instant she did, but she explained to me afterward that she thought it was Tremaine who had been killed."

Godfrey's eyes blazed with sudden interest. "Tremaine! Then there's been ill feeling between them?"

"Yes, at least on Drysdale's part. He'd conceived some absurd suspicion of Tremaine, told me I'd done wrong in inviting him here, acted rather nastily about it, in fact."

"Thank you," said Godfrey quietly, though his eyes were still shining. "Now I should like your permission to look over the grounds and to examine the rooms which Drysdale and Tremaine occupied."

"Certainly," and Delroy touched the bell. "Thomas," he said to the servant who entered, "you will take these gentlemen wherever they wish to go and answer any questions they may ask you."

We went first to the boathouse and

and looked over the scene of the tragedy. I was struck at once by the change in Godfrey's demeanor. He no longer seemed either perplexed or worried. His face was shining with triumph. Evidently he had discovered a way out of the labyrinth.

To the boathouse he gave a particularly careful scrutiny, searching in every corner, apparently for some minute object which he failed to find. Out on the pier again he stood, looking up and down with thoughtful face.

"Pshaw!" he said suddenly. "I might have known I was just wasting my time in there. Come this way, Lester."

He hurried back through the boathouse and down to the beach. Along the edge of it he walked, scrutinizing every inch of the sand. Suddenly he stooped, with a little cry of triumph, and caught up a small bottle. It was quite empty. He removed the cork, sniffed it and replaced it quickly.

"Do you mean to say, Godfrey, I demanded in astonishment, 'that you have been looking for that bottle?'"

"It's precisely what I've been looking for," he returned exultantly. "And I've learned one thing—never to mistrust a logical deduction. Now let's go back to the house. And, Thomas," he added to our guide, "take us back by the way that will bring us opposite the room occupied by Mr. Tremaine."

"All right, sir," said Thomas. "His room was right next to Mr. Drysdale's in the east wing—there it is now, sir—third and fourth windows from the end."

"And the fifth and sixth windows belong to Mr. Drysdale's room?"

"Yes, sir."

A sort of balcony ran along the entire wing just beneath the windows, half covered with creeping vines, which in summer no doubt completely draped it. Godfrey examined it with shining eyes. Then he walked straight to the end of the building.

"Now, Lester," he said, "I'm going to make a prediction. I predict that we'll find the wall at the corner freshly scratched in more than one place. Ah, now, see there?"

The marks were plain enough, and the cluster of heavy vines which ran up here against the house also showed signs of abrasion.

"What would you say those marks meant, Lester?" Godfrey asked.

"I should say," I answered, readily enough, "that some one had recently climbed up to the balcony or down from it."

"Both ways, Lester; both up and down. Oh, this is much simpler than I expected! Now take us up to the rooms, Thomas."

But in the vestibule he paused.

"Is that the rack where the coats hang, Thomas?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And where Mr. Drysdale hung his coat that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you happen to notice, Thomas, when he came in whether or not the top button of his raincoat was missing?"

"Yes, sir," answered Thomas slowly. "I thought about it afterward, and it's mighty funny, sir, but I'd swear he had his coat buttoned up tight around his throat. How could he 'a' done that if the top button wasn't there?"

"How indeed?" mused Godfrey, gazing at the rack with eyes intent.

Then they softened, brightened; his

face broke into a smile. "Of course," he said, half to himself, "How dense of me not to have thought of it! Now, Thomas, we'll go upstairs."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IDEAS FOR THE HOSTESS.

Thanksgiving Day Reception and Other Entertainments.
A Thanksgiving Day Reception.

How to entertain a club of ladies on the afternoon of November 29 is answered by the following suggestions: For the table centerpiece get a perfectly formed pumpkin, hollow it out and line it with oiled paper; fill it with fruit, grapes, bananas, rose-cheeked apples and golden oranges. If a basket in the shape of a horn of plenty can be purchased at the florists, suspend it over the table by ribbons or tulle filled with chrysanthemums, which are the flower for November; Louise Alcott mentions them in "Little Men" as being used on the Thanksgiving day table.

It would be a very pretty idea to ask the ladies to powder their hair and to wear dark gowns with white kerchiefs; in fact, to wear anything suggestive of colonial days. Make boxes to hold salted nuts out of yellow tissue paper chrysanthemums and have the candle shades carry out the same idea. This menu may be written on little pumpkin shaped books, with the name of the guest, the day and date. A small prize might be awarded the person guessing the most courses on the menu before they appear on the table.

"Here's a fowl without a feather."—(Oysters or clams.)

"Tell me where is fancy bred?"—(Broad or rolls.)

"He must have a long spoon."—(Soup.)

"Trifles light as air."—(Wafers.)

"Can you eat roots?"—(Celery.)

"The Ottoman Empire."—(Turkey.)

"A groundling."—(Potatoes.)

"Good words, good cabbage."—(Cabbage salad.)

"'Tis time I was choked on a piece of toasted cheese."—(Cheese st.)

"As cold as I had swallowed snowballs."—(Ice cream.)

"Sweets to the sweet."—(Cakes and bon-bons.)

"Grapes were made to eat."—(Grapes.)

"The cup that cheers."—(Tea.)

Ask some member of the club to prepare a 20-minute paper on Thanksgiving day in New England a hundred years ago. Let this be followed by a discussion of the best method of keeping Thanksgiving, which is our one distinctly national holiday.

A Unique Card Party.

Any game of cards may be played that the hostess prefers or that is popular in the town. Request the guests to dress in costumes representing either the face or suit of cards. For instance, have two five of diamonds, one a lady and one a man, so that when all have arrived partners may be chosen for the first game. The prizes may be a handsome deck of cards in a case, a book on card games, ferns growing in a pretty jar, a bit of brass, or a piece of pottery. The score cards may be cut out of cardboard in the shape of diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades; the markers may be of these same figures, cut out of thin colored paper and gummed a few days before they are used, so they will be dry. Serve hot bouillon in cups, oyster parties, sweetbread salad, orange sherbet, small cakes, coffee, nuts, bon-bons. If ice cream is preferred use the brick, cut in thin slices, ornament with tiny hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades cut from citron and candied cherries.

An Afternoon Tea for a Bride-Elect.

The hostess asked her guests, who were all intimate friends of the bride-to-be, to each bring an article used in the kitchen. When all arrived they were served with a cup of tea, wafers were passed in a new skillet, ornamented with a huge bow of white satin ribbon. Popcorn was passed in a large brass kettle, dipped out with a poached egg lifter, bon-bons were passed on tin plates and fruit was eaten with kitchen paring knives. At intervals the maid appeared with all sorts of odd-shaped packages, which were delivered to the guest of honor. After this, the hostess distributed cards decorated with pictures of kitchen utensils and the word "Kitchen Quiz" on them. Inside the folds were these questions:

What a good workman has and to rent?—Skill-let.

A poet and a dog?—Poe-cur.

A vegetable and a conceited dude?—Potato-masher.

A number of mountains?—Range.

Member of a baseball nine?—Pitcher.

What men sometimes do with their money?—Sink it.

The appearance of being ill.—Pall (pale).

What curious people try to do?—Pump.

Impudence and a receptacle for pie?—Sauce-pan.

A football ground?—Grid-iron.

A letter and what you are in?—B-room.

The branching of a river?—Fork.

An affectionate couple?—Spoons.

What the guest of honor is about to become and what every well regulated household needs?—Cook.

MADAME MERRIL.

THE LAW OF AVERAGES.

The average man is bald at 40.

The average minister marries 1,000 couples.

Glasses for old age are adopted on the average of 43.

The average cat mother blesses the world with 100 kittens.

The world's gold mines yield on an average \$560,000 or 28,000 ounces of gold a year.

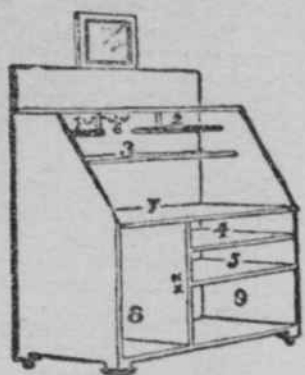
USEFUL IN KITCHEN

EASILY MADE CABINET WILL SAVE MUCH WORK.

Description of One Manufactured from Old Organ Box—All Kinds of Utensils Can Be Stored Therein.

This is how one woman made an organ box into a kitchen cabinet, says the Montreal Herald.

Take a good box and divide it off as shown in Fig. 1. Begin by putting solid blocks in each corner of the bottom in which place castors, then it can be easily moved. On the



As Finished. Fig. 1.

back put a board, and if possible, a mirror as shown, as it gives it a finish. For the shelves, which are Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, use lumber about one inch thick. Fig. 6 is for cup hooks, Fig. 8, flour, and Fig. 9 for cooking utensils.

Use pieces of a shade roller to strengthen the small shelves, Figs. 1 and 2, which are 17 inches long.



Ready for Use. No. 2.

The next shelf, Fig. 3, is one and one-half inches wider than these, the other shelves are flush with the edge of the box. In the space left for flour, place a box, which fits easily, place on the castors, and put a dresser handle on the front so it could be easily pulled out.

On the main shelf white oil cloth could be placed if one wished it. Along the front put a curtain, which can be easily pulled aside when one is busy; otherwise it serves as a screen. Fig. 2 shows the cabinet completed, and the most useful addition to the kitchen.

THE CURSE OF DISCONTENT.

Happiness Impossible Where This Folly Is Indulged In.

If she is unmarried she is discontented at the want of romance in her life; her main desire in life is to change her father's home for one of her own.

If she is married the causes of her discontent are multiplied indefinitely and where she was out of harmony with one set of circumstances she is now in discord with 20, says a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

She is discontented because her husband is not her lover and marriage a perpetual courtship; because her husband is irritable or because he is so good-natured that he maddens her with his stolidity.

Os she is discontented because she has so many household duties; because she has so few servants or because she has so many of them.

Wherever, in short, the discontented woman is placed it is just where she would rather not be.

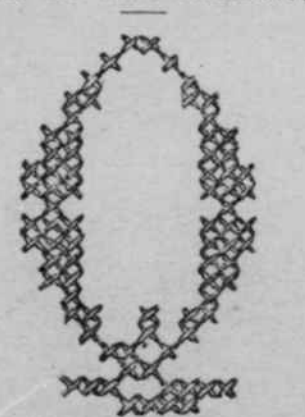
Life is a bewildering tangle at best, but the discontented woman is not the one to make it smoother. She is a general nuisance to herself as well as to the world at large.

And the discontented woman is only another name for the selfish, unsympathetic woman.

Winter Combinations.

The wise woman who possesses good furs will take the most speedy advantage of the delicate bright-tinted faced cloths which are to make the best and prettiest winter gowns, for no one could be slow to recognize that sable is at its best when allied to soft pink and white or gray gowns, and chinchilla with pale blues and greens and the new and lovely shades of pale brown.

INITIAL LETTER: CROSS-STITCH.



This will serve for O as well as Q if the tail at the lower part is omitted. It is a plain letter suitable for marking house linen and blankets. Ingrain cotton, flax thread, silk, or wool could be used for working, according to the texture of the material to be worked upon.

Wife Talks Early.

Agent—I want to sell you an alarm clock.

Married Man—No, thanks. There's buzzing enough in my ears in the morning without that!—Detroit Free Press.

Father Napped.

Wife—I told you to be very careful

not to wake the baby while I was gone. Were you?

Husband—Yes; I never woke him once. But he woke me up three times.—Detroit Free Press.

She Knew It All the Time.

"Know anything new?" "Only that I am going to marry that little Widow Shy." "That knowledge may be new to you, but I'll bet it isn't to her."—Houston Post.

Not Afraid.

Guardian—If you don't change your way of living, my boy, poverty will overtake you.

Derelict—It can't catch up with me; I'm going too fast.—Detroit Free Press.

Eccentric.

"What an eccentric person old man Wapleton is." "Eccentric? I have never noticed anything queer about him." "Haven't you? Why, he's always saying something good about somebody."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Place for Everything.

Patience—So you don't like frogs' legs? Patrice—Oh, I think they're all right in their place.

"And where is their place, pray?" "On the frogs!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Probably.

"The San Francisco Bulletin says that the average woman would rather have her husband put her cheek than give her \$1,000."

"Well, I guess the average husband would rather do it."—Houston Post.

Not Committed.

Subbubs—I thought you said the cottage was half a mile from the station.

Agent—Yes, but Ol niver said how far the station wor from the cottage.—N. Y. Sun.

CORDIAL INVITATION.



Bookkeeper (to porter)—Take a wet cloth Antonio, and clean up the boss' private office. It looks as if he had to write to his mother-in-law again inviting her to make him a visit.—Fleegendo Blaetter.

Infallible.

The beauty doctor doesn't tell the greatest, best recipe by which the ugly girls may become beautiful and sweet: And so I'm glad to give it here. I'm a free-hearted one: The way to be a chubster right is to inherit "num."—Houston Post.

NOT HOT ENOUGH.

They were sitting in the smoking room of the hotel, and the talk was about endurance as shown by men of the past and present. During a lull in the conversation a young commercial traveler said:

"Any man, if he has the will power, can endure pain or fatigue; I know I can."

There was silence for a moment, and an older man replied:

"I'll wager a dinner you can't hold your foot—boot on—in a bucket of hot water as long as I can."

The offer was taken and two buckets of hot water were brought in, as well as a kettle of boiling water to raise the temperature to the point of endurance. In went a foot of each contestant. Soon the young man's face began to pale, but the other called for more boiling water.

"What on earth is your leg made of, sir?" said the former, suddenly taking his foot from the bucket.

"Cork, sir—cork," was the cool answer, and the other felt that he had nixed lost.

Aboard Ship.

First Passenger—Did you eat any of that combination salad at dinner?

Second Passenger—No, I was afraid the weather'd grow rough, and I'd lose the combination. — Detroit Tribune.

Distinction of Riches.

"I do wish we were rich, father."

"How rich would you like to be, Arabella?"

"Oh, awfully rich. So rich that people would ask what set we were in."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Never Sees It Asleep.

"They say very young babies smile most in their sleep," said Miss Gusch, "did you ever notice that about your baby?"

"No," replied Newpop, wearily, "I'm never at home during the day."

In Mourning.

"No, they are not going in society any more."

"In mourning?"

"Yes, you might call it that."

"Who for?"

"They have relatives living in Pittsburgh."—Houston Post.

Look Ahead.

There's a sob and a sigh, And a doubt for to-morrow, A cloud in the sky, And a cup filled with sorrow, For the man who looks back On the hopes that are dead, Forgetting the ones That are lying ahead. — Milwaukee Sentinel.

FAILED TO PLEASE.

His eyes make no attempt to conceal his admiration of the beautiful young thing as she enters the parlor. Indeed, he does not want them to. "You are positively queenly," he declares, enthusiastically. An offended expression comes to her face. "Queenly?" she asks, disdainfully. "Yes; you are a veritable queen in appearance." Haughtily she bids him leave. "But why?" he inquired, amazed. "Oh, nothing. I'm a queen in appearance, am I? Well, I happened to look over a lot of magazine pictures of different queens and princesses to-day, and if you think I look like them it's time for you and me to be strangers."—Life.

Still a Novice.

"Is Bunkerton much of a golf player?"

"Oh, he puts up a fair game, but he still has an idea that his locker was made merely to hang his clothes in."—Chicago Record-Herald.

GOT HIS.



Customer—Couldn't you run this hotel without a bar? Hotelkeeper—Not very well.

Customer—Why not?

Hotelkeeper—Because nobody volunteers to tell me how to run it except intoxicated individuals.—Chicago Daily News.

Peek-a-Boo.

When aerial navigation has been solved, and men can go over the housetops and the steeples in their daily to and fro, even folks in tall skyscrapers will, however, they're inclined, recognize that it is prudent to 'most always close the blind.—Houston Post.

Evidence.

"Yep," remarked Si Whipple, the landlord of the Benson Bend hotel, "the sausages I've been feedin' my guests air made from kankies."

"How'd yer find that out?" inquired the postmaster.

"Wa-al, I fed 'em sausages for a week, an' by Saturday every guest I had begun ter growl."—Judge.

Long-Felt Want.

Caller—Are you the chap who invented the machine for locating fires?

Inventor—Yes.

Caller—Well, I've got an idea for you to work on.

Inventor—What is it?

Caller—Invent a machine for locating a policeman when he is wanted.—Chicago Daily News.

The Same Stick.

Lady Finehealth (at hotel entrance)—No, I have no money to spare for you. I don't see why an able-bodied man like you should go around begging.

Lazy Tramp—I s'pose, mum, it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house.—N. Y. Weekly.

One Kind.

"Pa, what's an artist?"

"A man who has a 75-cent appetite and gets along with a 50-cent meal, so that he may have a quarter left for the waiter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hunting for Utopia.

Knicker—Do you believe the office should seek the man?

Bocker—I'd go still further and have the fleet seek the janitor.—N. Y. Sun.

Knights of Pythias,

N. A., S. A., E. A., A. AND A.



This organization is one of the most powerful in the country and its progress has been phenomenal. The Grand Lodge of Virginia has jurisdiction over all of the cities and counties in this state. Thirty males are required to organize a new lodge. The benefits paid constitute one of its strongest features, but the principles are greater than anything else. Founded on Friendship, based on Charity and established on Benevolence, the respectable, upright people of the state will find it an order worthy of their heartiest support.

It pays an endowment and burial benefit of \$200.00 for all ages. It pays \$4.00 per week sick dues. The badge costing 75 cents each is the only absolutely necessary regalia. For information concerning the organization of lodges apply at the main office.

The Courts of Calanthe

Is the Female Department of the Order. It requires a membership of thirty persons to organize a court. Its members are pledged to exhibit Fidelity, exercise Harmony and prove Love one for the other. It pays an endowment and burial benefit of \$150.00. It pays \$3.00 per week sick dues. The only expense for regalia is the cost of the badge, 50 cents and a rosette, costing 25 cents for funeral occasions.

THE BANDS OF CALANTHE or Children's Department also constitutes a feature and persons cannot do better than to enter the little ones into this mystic circle. The expense is nominal and the benefits all that could be expected. It pays from \$1.00 to \$1.50 sick dues and death benefits of from \$30.00 to \$40.00. If you have no Pythian Lodge or Court or Band in your neighborhood, organize one.

For all information concerning the Children's Department address,

Mrs. ANNA TAYLOR, W.